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Of every description, executed in the neatest manner, at the usual prices.

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From the N. Y. New Era.

THE MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Oh! sweet is the home of the toil worn Mechanic,
When labor is hush'd in the stillness of night;
When the hum of commotion, disaster and panic,
Is still as the stars in their orbits of light;
But sweeter by far is the neat little mansion,
When o'erflowing boards of his industry speak:
When the sweat covered wages by wildest expansion,
Replenish his stores at the close of the week.

With plenty all smiling in natural splendor—
With products of Nature, delicious and sweet,
And the choicest of viands his earnings can render,
All clustering high in the lowly retreat.
How rich is the banquet—how great the profusion;
How happy the man when his laborings cease;
When his efforts are yielding the greatest diffusion,
Of harmony, happiness, pleasure and peace.

Oh! bright is the hearth of the workman at even,
And kindly the feelings his bosom must know,
When his generous heart in its fulness hath given,
The bread he has earned by the sweat of his brow,
And how sweet is the scene of the family of pleasure—
The holy affections they fondly retain;
When he clasps to his breast his own loving treasure,
And fondles his little ones over again.

Ye spirits of mercy look down on his dwelling,
And guard his abode in the midst of alarm;
When the surges of poverty frightful are swelling,
Or frowns o'er his cottage adversity's storm.
Oh! come like a pilot of truth on the ocean,
And guide his lone bark to the haven he'd seek;
And render his life in his country's devotion,
As sweet as his home at the close of the week.

From Graham's (Philadelphia) Magazine.

The Life Guardsman.

BY JESSE T. DOW.

The Life Guard of Washington!—Who can think upon this band of gallant spirits without feeling a glow of patriotism warming his heart, and stirring up the sluggish feelings of his soul? Fancy paints again the figures which history has suffered to fade away, as the shadows departed from the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa; and the heroes of the past start up before us like the clan of Roderick Dhu at the sound of their chieftain's whistle. They come from Cambridge, and from the Hudson, from Trenton and from Princeton, from Yorktown and from the Brandywine, and from mountain pass, and woody vale, gathering in battle array around the lowly bed of their sleeping leader, amid the solitary shades of Vernon.

The life guardsmen are fast fading away. One by one the aged members have departed, and now Lee's corporal slumbers beside his commander. Their march of life is over.

A more efficient corps never existed on this side of the Atlantic than the Life Guard. Animated by one motive, guided by one object, they surrounded their commander-in-chief, and gloried in being known as his body guard. Was there any difficult duty to perform? it fell to this body, and gallantly did they perform the service entrusted to them. The eye of the General glistened with delight as they filed before him in the shade of evening, or returned into camp from some successful incursion beyond the enemy's lines, ere

"Jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top,"

or the *reveille* roused the army from their slumbers.

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It was the anniversary of the battle of Princeton, when an aged man, with a stout staff in his hand, was seen trudging manfully down Broadway. As he passed along from square to square, he cast his eyes upon the signs and door-plates, and muttering continued on his course.

"Here," said he, "was Clinton's Quarters" — "Edward Mallory; silks and laces" — "and here was the house that Washington stopped at"—"John Knipherhausen, tobacconist,"—"and here was where the pretty Quakeress lived, who used to furnish the commander-in-chief with information as to the enemy's movements,"—"all, all, are changed; time has been busy with every thing but the seasons—they are the same—the sun and the rain—the evening and the morning—the icicle and the dew-drop — the frost and the snow-drift change not: but man and his habitations—aye, the very names of places and people have been altered, and the New York of the Revolution is not the New York of '37."

As the old man said this he seated himself upon a marble door-step, and wiped the prespiration from his brow; for he had walked a long way that morning, and the thousand associations that pressed upon his memory wearied him.

A company of volunteers, in all the pomp and circumstance of city war, now approached by a cross street. The bugle's shrill note, mingled in with the clarionet and cymbals; and the glance of the sun upon their bayonets and polished helmets, lit up the martial fire that slumbered in the old man's soul. He rose upon his feet.

"It is pleasant enough now to look upon such gatherings," said he, "but those who have heard the drums beat to drown the cries of the wounded and the dying, cannot forget their meaning, tho' youth and joy accompany them, and though the smiles of beauty urge them on." And the old man wept, for the men of other days stood about him; and the battle fields, then silent and deserted, teemed with the dead and dying; and the blood formed in pools amid the trampled grass, or trickled in little rills down the smoky hill-side.

A servant now came out of a neighboring house and invited the old man in. He thankfully accepted the hospitality of the polite citizen, and soon stood in a comfortable breakfast room. A young man of twenty-one received him with kindness; and a tall, prim woman of eighty-six cordially insisted upon his joining her family at the breakfast table. A beautiful girl of eighteen took the old man's hat and cane, and wheeled up an old arm chair that had done the family some service in ancient days. The old man as she seated herself beside him, patted her upon the head, and a firm "God bless you" escaped from his wrinkled and pallid lips. The old lady suddenly paused in her tea-table duty, and looked earnestly at her guest. The old man's eyes met hers—they had seen each other before — but the mists of time shrouded their memories, and blended names and places and periods strangely together.

"Will thee have another cup of tea?" said the matron to the old man.

"I have heard that voice," thought the stranger, as he took the proffered cup with gratitude, and finished his breakfast in silence.

"Oh! Grandmother," said the maiden springing to the window, "here come the Iron Greys; how splendid they look"

"I cannot look at them," said the matron, in a trembling voice—"thy grandfather was killed by the Brunswick Greys at Princeton."

"What was his name?" said the old man, fixing his dim eye steadily upon the speaker's face.

"Charles Greely," said the matron, shedding an unexpected tear.

"Charles Greely?" said the old man, springing up — "why he was a Life Guardsman, and died by my side—I buried him at the hour of twilight by the milestone."

"And thou art?" said the matron, earnestly.

"Old Hugh Maxwell, a corporal of Washington's Life Guard, at your service," said the stranger guest.

"Oh! well do I know thee," said the matron, weeping—"it was thee who gave me directions where to find him, and delivered to me his dying sigh. This is an unhappy day to me, Hugh Maxwell, but thy presence lends an interest to it that I had no idea of enjoying.—William and Anne, thy grandfather died on Hugh Maxwell's breast in battle—let us bless God that we are permitted to entertain the gallant soldier upon the anniversary of that day of glory."

And the son brought forth the old family bible, and the widow Greely prayed after the manner of the Quakers, amid her little congregation.

When the service was over, and the breakfast equipage had been removed, the son and the daughter each drew a seat beside the old veteran, while their grandmother carefully wiped her spectacles and took a moderate pinch of Maccouba. Then seating herself as straight as a drill sergeant in her cushioned seat in the corner, she turned her *well ear* toward the old corporal and looked out of the window.

"Tell us about the battle of Trenton and of Princeton, Mr. Maxwell," said the grand-children in one voice. The old man looked inquiringly at the widow Greely.

"Thee may tell it, though it may be a sad tale to me," said the matron, and Hugh Maxwell, after resting his head upon his hand for a moment, began his account of the

Battles of Trenton and Princeton.

The twenty-fifth of December, 1776, was a gloomy day in the American camp. An army of thirty thousand British soldiers lay scattered along the opposite side of the freezing Delaware, from Brunswick to the environs of Philadelphia. Gen. Howe commanded the British cantonment, and Lord Cornwallis was on the march from New York to reinforce him.

The British soldiers were flushed with success. They had driven us through the Jerseys. New York Island and the North River were in their power. They had tracked us by our bloody footprints along the gloomy, though snow-clad hills: and they looked eagerly forward to the day when the head of our illustrious Washington should be placed upon Temple Bar, and the mob of London should cry out while they pointed at it, "there rests the head of a Traitor." The banner of England floated heavily in the wintry air, and the far-clad Hessian paced his rounds on the dismal hills, with his bayonet gleaming in the stormy light; videttes were seen galloping along the hill-sides, and the vallies echoed with the martial airs of England. But in our camp all was sadness. Five thousand men, ill-armed, and worse clad, without tents or even camp utensils, sat crouching over their lonely watch-fires.

But this was not all. The crafty British General had offered a pardon to all who would desert the American cause, and many men of property, aye! even members of Congress, recreant to honor and principle, pocketed their patriotism with the proclamation, and basely betrayed their country in the hour of her peril. Members of Congress did I say? Yes, those that had been members: and let me repeat their names, lest purchance they may have been forgotten in the age of steam power and speculation. Galloway and Allen deserted, and joined the enemies of freedom in the fall of 1776.

Such was the state of things at this period. All was silence in the American camp. The star spangled banner hung drooping over our head quarters, and the sentinel by the lower door way stood leaning in melancholy mood upon his rusty and flintless gun. The commander-in-chief held a council of war. At the close of it he gave his opinion—he had heard of the scattered cantonment of the British army.

"Now," said he, striking his hand upon an order of battle, and pointing from the window of the little farm house toward the wild river, "now is the time to clip their wings." It was a master thought; the council of war concurred with their leader, and each member retired silently to prepare for immediate action.

The regiments were mustered—the sentinels were called in—a hasty meal was devoured—the evening shut in with darkness and storm—the word was given, and we began our march. One party moved down, one remained stationary, and one passed up to a point above Trenton, I was with Washington. No one in the ranks knew where he was to go—all was mystery: until we wheeled down the steep bank of the Delaware.

"Onward!" was the word. "Cross the river!" thundered along the line, and our freezing legions moved on.—Who shall describe the pains and perils of that terrible march? Who shall reward the noble spirits who, trusting in their illustrious leader, moved onward, amid famine, nakedness, and the winter's storm? Surely at this day a generous nation will not let the poor old veteran die who has his scars—but no certificate—to testify to the glory of that night. Better feed an imposter than starve a hero.

But to my tale. Upon a high bank Washington and Knox, and a few stand officers, wrapped in scanty military cloaks, sat upon their shivering chargers and awaited the progress of the broken lines.

We moved on—some on cakes of ice—some on rafts with the artillery—and some in little boats. Dark reigned the night around—the wild blast from the hills swept down the roaring stream—the water froze to our tattered clothes, and our feet were blistered and peeled by treading upon the icy way. The snow, like feathers borne on the gale, whirled around us—at every step we were in danger. Now precipitated into the stream, and now forced to climb the rugged sides of the drift-ice, still we advanced. At length the cannon and tumbrils were landed, and the last soldier stood upon the opposite shore.

Shivering with cold, and pale with hunger and fatigue, our column formed and waited for the word. Washington and his staff were at hand. "Briskly, men, briskly," said he, as he rode to the head of the line; and then the captains gave the word from company to company, and the army marched on in silence. A secret movement of an army at night keeps the drowsy awake, and the hungry from complaining. Man is an inquisitive animal, and the only way to make him perform apparent impossibilities, is to lead him after he knows not what. Columbus discovered America in a cruise after Solomon's gold mine, and the vast field of chemistry was laid open to human ken, in a search for the elexir of life, and the philosopher's stone.

All night our troops moved down on the west bank of the river, and as morning spread her gay mantle over the eastern hills, we reached Trenton.

The Hessians, under Rawle, slept.—No one feared Washington, and the moustached soldier dreamed of the Rhine and the Elbe, and the captain slept carelessly at his inn. But suddenly the cry was raised: "He comes! he comes!" Our frosty drums beat the charge; the shrill fifes mingled in with a merry strain, and our hungry army, with bare feet, entered the city. Like the Scandinavian horde—in impetuosity and necessity—before the eternal city, we rushed up the streets, and attacked the surprised enemy at every turn. The startled foe endeavored to defend themselves: but before any body could collect, a charge of our infantry cut them to pieces. Their colors also were absolutely hacked off their standard-staff, while they advanced in line, by a sergeant's sword, and their officers were cut down or taken prisoners. Our victory was complete. One thousand men were killed and made prisoners, and the artillery, consisting of nine pieces, was captured.—Such was the effect of the battle of Trenton upon the enemy; but to us the consequences were the reverse. Our hungry men were fed, our naked were clothed, the rank and file were armed, and officers promoted.

The same evening we recrossed the river, but it was not the terrible stream of the previous night. The foot-prints of boots and shoes were left on our trail, and the drums beat a merry call, while the bugles answered sweet and clear.

In a few hours the Hessian tents shrouded the captors on the site of our encampment; and Rawles's officers had the pleasure of drinking their own wine in their own tents, with General Washington and his subalterns, as prisoners of war. So well planned was this attack that we lost but nine men, and two of them were frozen to death after being wounded. On the 29th of December, 1776, we again crossed the Delaware, and at one o'clock P. M. our eagle floated over Trenton.

The "merry Christmas" of our evening party astonished and aroused the king's Generals. Lord Cornwallis hastened to form a junction with General Grant at Princeton; and on the 2d of January 1777, the British army marched against Trenton.

It was late in the afternoon when the advance guard of the enemy appeared in sight, their red coats forming a striking contrast with the winter's snow. Our drums now beat to arms, and General Washington, with 5000 of us, crossed the rivulet Assumpinck and took posting upon the high ground facing the rivulet. A heavy cannonade speedily commenced, and when night came on, both armies had a breathing spell.

Fresh fuel was now piled upon the camp fires—the sentinels were posted in advance—small parties were stationed to guard each ford—the cry "all's well," the quick challenge and the prompt answer; the trampling of a returning vidette—and the occasional tapping of a drum in the guardroom, were heard in our camp. The British General rejoiced in the belief that the morning sun would behold him a conqueror of our leader and ourselves. Secure of his prey, the enemy made preparations to attack our camp on the first blush of morning. The noise of hammers—the heavy rumbling of cannon wheels—the clashing of the armorer's hammer, and the laugh of the artizan and pioneer, came over upon the night wind, and grated harshly upon our sensitive ears.

An officer, mounted and wrapped in a military cloak, was now seen silently approaching the commanders of regiments in quick succession. He whispered his orders in a low tone—the colonels stared with astonishment—they looked—it was their general, and they immediately sent for their captains. Each officer heard the new order with surprise, but to hear was to obey. The captains whispered to their orderlies, and in 20 minutes after it was communicated to the commanders of regiments, the whole army stood upon their feet in battle array. Our tents were struck, and our baggage waggons were ready for a march.

The sentinels paced their rounds as though nothing was about to happen.—The laugh of the relieved guard was heard above the din of both armies, and "all's well" rang above the night.

We now stood ready in open column to march. General Hugh Mercer had command of the van-guard; in a few moments our captains whispered, "forward and be silent,"—our living mass immediately moved onward, and filed off toward Allentown. Presently we heard the rear guard, with their artillery, rumbling in our rear, and then our camp, so quietly deserted, was lost sight of in the shadow of the hills.

For upwards of two hours we moved on in comparative silence. Nothing but the whispers of the officers, and the heavy tread of men was heard. It was quite dark, and every breast seemed to be under the spell of mystery. At length a noise was heard ahead, and a staff officer galloped to the rear. As he passed along he said in a clear voice, "the enemy are in sight." In a few moments the voice of the gallant Mercer was heard loud and distinct, giving his orders—"Attention, van-guard, close order, quick time, march!" We sprang at the word—each soldier grasped his musket with a firm gripe—and away we went upon the run.

Three regiments of light infantry opposed us upon the plain at Maidenhead, and their drums were beating merrily as we drew near them—our front now came upon an open common. We broke into three columns, and, headed by the gallant Mercer, dashed on. In a moment a stream of fire passed along the British line, the dead and wounded fell around me, and our columns wavered. At this instant, while General Mercer, with his sword raised, was encouraging the van-guard to rush on and secure the victory, a bullet struck him, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. For a moment only the battle was against us, but soon the firm voice of Washington was heard as he pressed on to the front. Our musketry now echoed terribly: the enemy began to give; a well-directed fire from the artillery told fearfully upon the small armed foe, and they were routed. At this moment a British soldier clapped his bayonet to my breast—Charles Greely thrust it away with his right hand—the soldier fired—his musket and the noble hearted Greely fell upon my breast. I grasped his hand—it faintly returned my pressure—and then he straitened himself upon the ground, his eyes became fixed, his jaw fell—he was dead! I bore him quickly to a wounded cart, and hastened to my platoon. The enemy were flying towards Brunswick, and we were masters of the field.

"On to Princeton!" shouted our noble leader, as he sent his wounded aid to the rear on a litter.

The line moved on in quick time, and soon we entered the town. Our visit was as unexpected here as at Trenton. A portion of the enemy had taken shelter in the college. Our general, as at Trenton, headed the charge in gallant style, while the troops, animated by his fearlessness, nobly seconded him. The artillery thundered against the garrisoned college, and the musketry rung wildly from every corner. Surrounded by a superior force, and not knowing but Cornwallis had been routed, for they had heard the night cannon at Maidenhead, most of the enemy surrendered,—A few, however, escaped by precipitate flight along an unguarded street at the commencement of the attack. In this affair one hundred of the enemy were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. Lord Cornwallis, as he lay on his camp bed, was roused by the roar of the cannon. He started—the sound came from Princeton—he immediately ordered his troops under arms, and hastened to the scene of action. When he arrived the battle was won, and we were on our return march in triumph. As we crossed the Milestone river, we were halted to destroy the bridge at Kingston. I ordered a file of men to assist me, and hastily buried my companion in arms by the water side, while the enemy's cannon answered for minute guns for the brave. Having shed a tear of sympathy over his lonely grave, we joined the main body. At sunset we trod upon the bleak hills of Morristown, and when the camp-fires were lighted, the campaign of '76 was over.

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As the old man finished his tale, the widow turned away her head, and the grand-children hid their faces and wept. At length, when they raised their eyes to their guest, his face was pallid—a wildness was manifested in his eyes; and his frame appeared to be stiffening in death. They sprang to him.

"Forward—on—to—Princeton!" said he, in a cold whisper; and then the last Life Guardsman joined his companions in heaven.

The next day a numerous body of strangers followed the old veteran to the tomb; and the widow Greely placed a plain marble slab at the head of it, and inscribed upon it:—

HERE LIES
THE LAST OF WASHINGTON'S
LIFE GUARD.

A Noble Article.

We take the following from the Dial, for April, a publication issued monthly in the city of Boston. It is an eloquent array of truths, that every thinking man should preserve.—(*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer & Journal.*

LABOR.

The world dishonors its workmen, stones it prophets, crucifies its Saviors, but bows its neck before wealth; however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, Long Live Violence and Fraud!

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares daintly, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for a man, with his head or hands, what claim has he to respect or subsistance? The roughhanded woman, who with a salt fish and a basket of vegetables provides substantial food for a dozen working-men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry the fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support human nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they, also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world, instruct them to think to live together in peace, to love one another and pass good lives enlightened by wisdom, charmed by goodness, and enchanted by religion; they who build up a lofuer population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from heaven. They are loaded with consumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, the village and city grow glad in its light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, they would rather Paul had continued a tentmaker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as giving up the work of ostentation, folly, and sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work, would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentery and rich men. Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed, by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth keeping, because it is useless and ignominious! Now men may work at least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity and a blessing, and find likewise abundant time for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be light.